

*Quarterly*  
**NEWS**  
*Letter*

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VOL. XXVIII

*Spring 1963*

No. 2

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LA CINQUANTAINE

By Theodore M. Lilienthal

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US

By Lawrence Clark Powell

SPECIAL REPORT ON THE CLUB'S LIBRARY

By Albert Sperisen


SERENDIPITY

NOTES ON PUBLICATIONS :: EXHIBITIONS

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

£c. £c.

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*Published for its members by The Book Club  
of California, 545 Sutter Street,  
San Francisco*

FOUNDED in 1912, The Book Club of California is a non-profit association of book-lovers and collectors who have a special interest in Pacific Coast history, literature, and fine printing. Its chief aims are to further the interests of book collectors and to promote an understanding and appreciation of fine books.

The Club is limited to 875 members. When vacancies exist membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its aims and whose applications are approved by the Board of Directors. Regular Membership involves no responsibilities beyond payment of the annual dues. Dues date from the month of the member's election. Regular membership is \$15.00; Sustaining, \$25.00; Patron, \$100.00.

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Extra copies of Keepsakes or *News-Letters*, when available, are sold to members at 50c each. Membership dues and contributions (including books or documents at current market value, suitable for the Club's library) are deductible in computing income taxes.

# Quarterly NEWS Letter

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## LA CINQUANTAINE

It is something of a record for a book club, such as THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA, to reach the half-century mark. To honor this event, a gala took place on December 8th, 1962, in San Francisco, at the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

One hundred and twelve books have been published by the Club, all of which have become collector's items. An exhibition of these was enjoyed by some 175 members and guests who assembled at seven o'clock and were served hors d'oeuvres and champagne, followed at eight o'clock by dinner in the gaily decorated Porcelain Room.

At the proper time speeches were in order, and President Joseph Bransten started the festivities with a welcoming address. He was followed by George Harding who, as Master of Ceremonies, introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell. His interesting and provocative talk "The Prospect Before Us," was the highlight of a most delightful evening. The text is printed immediately following.



# The Book Club of California

*Sincere appreciation is due the Anniversary Committee for yeoman work in making the event truly successful. Thanks are due also to Mallette Dean for the beautiful souvenir menu he designed and printed.*

THEODORE M. LILIENTHAL

*Chairman, 50th Anniversary Committee*

## THE PROSPECT BEFORE US

BY LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL \*

THE PROSPECT before us, not behind, the forward look, not the backward glance. I know what you want tonight, what is good for you, and why you asked me to speak. If you had really wanted to hear about your own history, the first fifty fabulous years, you would not have asked a man from south of Tehachapi, you would have asked one of your own chroniclers, Oscar Lewis or David Magee, who have written so wittily, wisely, and well of The Book Club of California. Oscar Lewis and Book Club of California are synonymous. I could not compete with him and David.

You asked a Baja Californian to speak, a man from a region which compared to Alta California has no past, whose present is confused, and to which the future is all. I had to choose the future—yours as well as mine, for the two Californias are being welded by swift communication, by such homogenizing influences as the University of California, the historical societies, the Zamorano-Roxburghe brotherhoods, this Book Club of California, and the western edition of the *New York Times*. Wed the northern past and the southern future, and we may expect rare offspring.

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\* Lawrence Clark Powell is Dean of the School of Library Service, UCLA; Director of the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library; and the author of numerous books on literature and libraries.

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It is the cultural future of California that interests me and that I shall speak about tonight—a future which will be the effect of past causes, which can be discerned only by its reflection in the mirror; paradoxically, by the backward glance. What has been, now is, and will be. Prophecy can only be in terms of the past, by what is known; and thus it is with respect that I enter the storehouse of our culture to provide for the journey ahead.

If we can continue to live in peace, I believe we are on the threshold of a golden age. Culture comes from prosperity, from the tranquility and the leisure which are the blessings of security. Poetry written on an empty stomach differs from full-bellied prose. Consider Villon and Montaigne, Poe and Emerson. California is filling up with people. If they can continue to live in peace, they will produce wealth, and an abundant economy which will give leisure and patronage to the arts more than we have ever seen.

This means new responsibilities for old institutions if they are to foster the arts. I am biased in favor of the arts—of writing and printing, of music and painting, architecture and sculpture. Science and economics and politics have their spokesmen, but I am not one of them. I have not the interest or the competence or the obligation to speak for them. They seem to flourish without spokesmen, once the atom was split, once Frankenstein emerged from Pandora's cyclotron.

I mentioned the responsibilities of old institutions. By this I mean the universities and colleges, the historical societies and museums, the book clubs. To meet their responsibilities these institutions must be free of bondage to the past; must forsake the backward look, and live in the time stream, in the continuum which recognizes no barriers between past, present, and future.

A nice trick if you can do it. The strength to do it comes from knowledge. Knowledge is power. Away with superficial impressionism. A different matter is the ultimate short-hand, the laconic late works of the masters—Beethoven, Shakespeare, Yeats, Picasso. If we are to move forward with ease and grace, with power and authority, on all the cul-



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tural fronts, we must draw strength from our sources, our heritage, our past; and in revealing and inventorying our sources and resources, our present cultural institutions can make their contributions.

Let me indicate some of our needs, and suggest roles to be played, if we are to realize the prospect before us. Basic is a need for a new bibliography of California history and literature, on which scholarship can base its works. It was this Club that published in 1914 the first bibliography of California history, by Robert Ernest Cowan, printed by Taylor, Nash & Taylor, and reissued in 1933 by John Henry Nash; and for this pioneer work, this Club's first publication, we are grateful.

It was more a listing of Cowan's own collection than an inclusive bibliography. I do not believe he ever went very far to check other collections, even the earlier lot of Californiana which he sold to the University of California in 1897 and which was paid for by Collis P. Huntington, or the MacDonald collection which he sold to the Huntington Library in 1916.

An example of what might be called Cowan's selectivity is his listing of the pamphlets—eight in all—which inspired me to write my book about Philosopher Pickett. When I searched other collections—Bancroft, State Library, Huntington—I found nine more works by Pickett unlisted by Cowan, all of which had been in those libraries for years and some of which had been sold to them earlier by Cowan himself.

I came to know the old gentleman, his collection and his bibliography, when I joined the UCLA Library staff in the 1930's and was assigned to accession the Cowan collection. Wishing to learn more about certain items, I used to pack my bag with books and pamphlets, call on Sir Robert at his home near the Clark Library, take out each piece and query him thereon, making lightly pencilled notes of his replies. Lord, that man was learned! And the pity is, most of his learning died with him. Like Gregg Layne, he couldn't be bothered to write it down. Like too many authors, he preferred talking to writing. How delicately he savored those

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fine Havanas he favored, how long their ash grew, finally to fall on his tie, on his book, on me!

To have known Cowan and Wagner, Layne, Hodge, and Hanna, in the dawn of being a librarian was my supreme good fortune. To have grown up with Ward Ritchie, to have worked for Jake Zeitlin, to have known Ernest Dawson and John Howell—these were elements of my education equally valuable with my academic preparation.

We need a new bibliography of California, one that will go back and fill in the gaps, then push on from 1933 and record the output of books and pamphlets since then—probably more than the total publishing of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Who will do it? Who will catch this bibliographical bull by the tail? I know who could. Dauntless David, I call on you to face Goliath!

I am not springing anything on my friend Magee. We have discussed this needed work. He hears the call. It is at least a five-year job. May I suggest that the University of California appoint David Magee Regents Professor of Bibliography and send him statewide? He has what it takes—scholarship, style, sympathy—all's lacking is that fourth "s"—subsidy.

The University of California has done much for science, for agriculture, astronomy, physics, oceanography, forestry, and animal husbandry. It has done somewhat less for the arts and letters. Is it because artists and writers are hard to housebreak? Their creations cannot be evaluated by academic measurements. When one of California's two greatest poets, now that Jeffers is dead—I mean Brother Antoninus, then known as William Everson—needed steady income, the University gave him a janitorship. It was not actually too bad; it paid \$185 a month. Let him tell about it in his own words; on March 18, 1947, he wrote me:

"It's a 44-hour week, from 3:30 p.m. to midnight—very good hours for me, leaving me the mornings free for my own work. In that freshness of spirit of a late arising, my poems have prospered again. By good luck I work in the library, my routine being: clean and mop the main men's lavatory from 3:30 to 5:30. From then to 10 I take care of the fourth



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floor—some three dozen rooms, as well as the Bancroft Library. At ten I join with an Oklahoman and we sweep the Main Reading Room, which is really a lot of work, moving all the chairs, etc.

“The job is amusing in many ways—as my friend Tom Parkinson said, accosting me one day in the hall over my mop and bucket, ‘I don’t know, but I think there’s a cultural irony in this.’ One of my janitorial colleagues wormed my true profession from me, so all the librarians up in Bancroft know they have a poet sweeping their rooms. The professors don’t though. When I enter their offices as they study at night, there is a strange relationship, they being both diffident and aloof, ill at ease, really not knowing how to cross the institutional line that makes them professors and me charman. I can’t presume to try, but rather let our common humanity do its own work, and am courteous without being abject. Some of them I’ve never seen, but build up pictures of them from their offices. The messy ones are the best—you can tell by the butts in the ashtray a good deal about a man’s intensity—that and the books sprawled open on the desk—that and the crumpled papers in the wastebasket. I lead a very covert life there, really; one that is so close to their intimacies, yet they never see me. I’m in and out again while the most of them are gone—they come back next day to find the butts removed and the heel marks vanished from the red floor, but they do not know what I’ve seen, nor what I know of them.”

It was the Guggenheim, not the Phelan Foundation, the Catholic Church, not the University, that offered this poet the security he needed for his work to flourish. I am glad that The Book Club of California acknowledged him as a printer. The William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, UCLA’s finest endowment, is the repository of Brother Antoninus’ manuscript, printed, and spoken works.

Although Robinson Jeffers was never fittingly honored by the University, this Book Club did honor him. It published his poems. It exhibited his books. Albert Bender and Theodore Lilienthal, James D. Hart and Melba Bennett were his champions. And they did not wait until after he was dead.



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Jeffers' alma mater (and mine), Occidental College, also did not fail to hail the poet in his lifetime and now, led by Melba Bennett, it is making bold and imaginative plans to honor Robinson Jeffers and encourage the study and appreciation of his poetry.

Another criticism that I shall make of my employer is that since 1933, when the *University Chronicle* expired, it has not sponsored a periodical of general cultural interest, although it has spent millions of dollars for scholarly journals in specialized fields, and its University Press has issued hundreds of important monographs. Thanks to Samuel T. Farquhar and A. R. Tommasini, our University Press has become renowned for the beauty of its publications.

It was Stanford University, however, that sponsored the *Pacific Spectator*, funded by the American Council of Learned Societies; and under humanistic Edith Mirrielees it flourished for a time. Today the Claremont Colleges are publishing a brave little quarterly which shook up that proper community somewhat by featuring an interview with Henry Miller.

*Richesse oblige.* Of the University of California's yearly budget of \$62,000,000, not a dollar goes for a cultural periodical to which California is entitled, which California needs, if for no other reason than to trump Texas. Have you seen the enormous quarterly the University of Texas sponsors? It is as good as it is big. Its editor is none other than the Chancellor of the University—a heartening example.

If California were to found a periodical, am I as ready to suggest an editor for it, as I was to designate a bibliographer? Of course. No L.A. boy ever lacked crust. I would propose that other of the two best poets in California today, who is also essayist, translator, critic—that *enfant terrible*, Kenneth Rexroth of 250 Scott Street, San Francisco—a man of learning, guillotine edge, and taste.

A sign of greatness in a university is its inclusion of a few such genius-ridden eccentrics. Need I round up Harvard's mavericks, or name the wild men who have helped make the fame of Oxford and Cambridge? No one could have been odder than C. K. Ogden, the Cambridge don who

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invented Basic English, and who enjoyed conversing with cats as much as he did with colleagues.

To make such unorthodox appointments and then make them stick calls for Olympians on Olympus. The late Dixon Wecter came to the University of California with the unassailable tenure of a full professor, when still a young man, and was eccentric in his avoidance of academic chores. He saw his role as critic, essayist, biographer, and he played it to the end; and when death claimed him in 1950, the University lost its most eloquent spokesman for humanism. The University also encouraged Herbert Eugene Bolton to run that one-man show called the Bancroft factory, to the glory of western scholarship.

I want to pay tribute to the man who was responsible for many such bold acts, the man to whom I owe my rise in the University—President Emeritus Robert Gordon Sproul. President Clark Kerr is a courageous successor, and in Chancellor Franklin Murphy, Southern California has a man to match its freeways.

One day we may see rivalries between California and Stanford, between UCLA and USC, other than athletic. Of ancient Greece, do we remember the names of any gladiators, of any Olympic winners? What did Sappho do to be remembered all these centuries? Wrote poetry.

We also need a literary history of California of the order of Van Wyck Brooks' chronicles of New England. The closest we have come is Franklin Walker's *San Francisco's Literary Frontier*, and his *Literary History of Southern California*. Now he should synthesize these works and bring them up to date. Perhaps he has already done it. I do know that this kind of creative work requires freedom from routine work.

When Van Wyck Brooks was a fellow at the Huntington Hartford Foundation, hidden in the Santa Monica Mountains which guard UCLA from northern invasions, I learned that he has spent eight of the day's twenty-four hours, for forty years or more, in doing what? In just reading—thousands on thousands of books, drawn from the Sterling Library at Yale, near which he lives. Another eight hours he spends in writing, leaving a full eight hours for such in-



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cidentals as eating and sleeping. The perfect regimen, I would call it, free from the distractions of pleasure, from such follies as bridge and golf, cocktail parties and banquets.

We need book reviewing free from the pressures that see the amount of space available determined by the amount of advertising that must be accommodated. I was an admirer of the late Joseph Henry Jackson and of Paul Jordan Smith, and while I do not question the integrity of their successors, William Hogan and Robert Kirsch—they do wonderfully well within the limitations of the newspapers which employ them—I do say that if California is to go on making what the Indians call “Big Mouth” about its size as the Number One state in the union, it should found and support a literary periodical of comparable stature.

Great works—and if California is to be truly great, and not merely in the number of its inhabitants, it must now produce masterpieces of bibliographical and literary scholarship—great works, I say, will come only out of unusual and favorable conditions, by recognizing creative persons of the first rank and freeing them to read and reflect and write.

Princeton’s Institute for Advanced Studies is an example of what can be done. The Guggenheim fellowships are without strings. The Huntington Library gave Robert Glass Cleland the freedom to write those good books of his ripe years. It could happen again.

I want to praise the Sierra Club and what it is doing to keep California from being bulldozed under. Its role in the annual Wilderness Conferences, its publications, and its work for wilderness conservation, owe much to the vision, courage, and eloquence of its secretary, David Brower.

I want now to close by some reference to the first century of this Club; I mean the last fifty and the next fifty years. Although the future interests me more than the past, I admit to a feeling of pride and pleasure when I prop up in bed with a stomach board and leaf through Magee’s monster, that folio of the Club’s first hundred books, perusing this record of catholic taste and infinite variety in choice of texts and formats. This was miraculous, really, to have produced so many publications and not a dud among them.

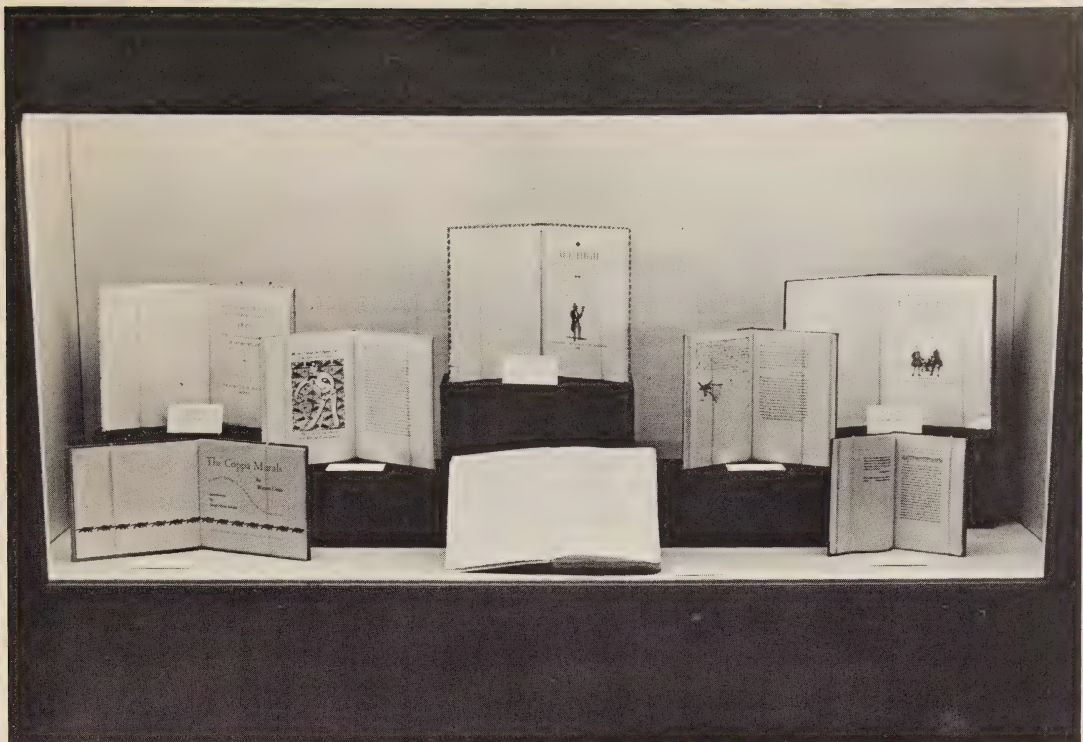
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More than half of the hundred were printed by the Grabhorn Press. All of them explode in that fusion of the elements that go to make a book triumph—something worth saying in a form worth seeing. I do not believe the corporate structure or the committee system can be credited for this. I see rather the quiet presence of a few civilized Californians who, by their taste and intelligence, their energy and devotion, imagination and creative vision, have done more for the fame of this city and this Club, and by the radiation of their achievements, for this entire state, than all the boosters and drum beaters among us: W. R. K. Young, Alfred Sutro, Albert Bender, Flodden Heron, and Morgan Gunst; Oscar Lewis, Edwin and Robert Grabhorn, Lawton Kennedy, Mallette Dean, Albert Sperisen, Carroll Harris, Carl Wheat, George Harding, Florence Walter, Elizabeth Downs, James D. Hart, David Magee, and your president Joseph Branstén. A partial honor roll call.

I mentioned radiation, that is, the emission from a central point of light and heat, of life and joy. This Club has been such a radiator, sending its magnetic rays even through the thickest Tehachapis, inspiring the late Gregg Anderson and Ward Ritchie to make pilgrimage to San Francisco, to Nash and to the Grabhorns, when they sought to become printers. It was Gregg Anderson who founded the Rounce and Coffin Club, a group of typophiles which has been to Southern California something of what The Book Club has been to the center of the state—a loosely organized band of creative people, free of institutional bondage.

In the years ahead—and I hope we may run our string to another fifty, although the perils we face are indeed chilling—in the years ahead, what must happen if this kind of creative, individualistic society is to flourish? Patrons must appear who will make it possible for writers and editors, illustrators, designers and printers to work in peace and freedom, with ease and grace. I am afraid the universities, the way they are governed now, are not the place, although I do want to remark that UCLA has offered haven to California's most brilliantly individualistic scholar-printer, Will Cheney.





## ANNIVERSARY DINNER







*Mrs. John I. Walter, President Joseph Bransten, Mrs. Martin S. Mitau, Elizabeth Downs, Martin S. Mitau*



*Mrs. Warren Howell & Theodore M. Lilienthal*



*Guests Enjoying Dinner in the Porcelain Room*





*Lawrence Clark Powell & Mrs. John I. Walter*



*Master of Ceremonies George L. Harding*



*Lawrence Livingston & Mrs. Joseph Bransten*



*Guests Enjoying Dinner in the Porcelain Room*



*Mr. & Mrs. J. S. Holliday*



*Mrs. Elizabeth Downs & George Gavin*



*Oscar Lewis*



*Lawton Kennedy*



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When his telephone-booth-sized print shop on La Cienega was marked for destruction, two of Cheney's oldest patrons, Glen Dawson and Jake Zeitlin, asked the University to rescue Cheney. It did. The William Andrews Clark Memorial Library offered him sanctuary from the maelstrom, and installed him in the gatehouse as printer to the library.

I know that Will Clark, who was a life member of this Club, would have approved this act—Clark, the patron of John Henry Nash. I am not sure that *Nash* would have approved. He liked to print big books. Cheney doesn't. He likes to print little books. The Clark Library accommodates books of all sizes: Nash and Cheney, Updike and Armitage, live at peace within its walls. We have sought particularly to collect the work of the contemporary printers of Southern California.

If what has been called the California renaissance of fine printing is to continue, new printers must appear, be recognized, patronized, and kept fruitful. We cannot expect the miracle of the Grabhorns to happen again. This seems to me the greatest challenge of this Club's years ahead—to see that fine printing does not die out.

How can this be done? Let The Book Club of California, the Roxburghe Club, the Zamorano Club, and the Rounce and Coffin Club, band together and offer prizes, awards, commissions, fellowships—every possible encouragement, to creative young people in the graphic arts. We cannot expect the academic communities or commercial printing groups to do this.

Nor can we depend solely on these clubs. There must be individual patronage, similar to that extended by Will Clark and Albert Bender. Book clubs, such as the several I belong to, have some men of means among their members who do nothing to encourage the graphic arts, who take and give not, who are content to achieve status merely by belonging. This is immoral. When eating and drinking and sleeping through speeches become the main interest of the majority of members, that club is moribund.

And so what *is* the prospect before us? The growth of a commonwealth of material abundance, of wealth and leisure

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and opportunities for learning and creative achievement, which if given leadership and standards of excellence, might see the flowering of a new culture in the next fifty years.

The first fifty years of this Club are a mighty fair model. I would warn against the blight of gentility, of respectability for itself alone, of imitation and conformity and rigid organization, of the proliferation of committees—of all the forms that kill the spirit.

The recognition and encouragement and patronage of young turks and mavericks—name your own—the willingness to experiment, and the glorification of the individual artist, not the group—these are the things to aspire to, if we wish this Elizabethan age of the Book Club to be followed by another, perhaps even greater one. Such an age will not leap full grown from the Franciscan brow. Its flowers and its fruit will come only from today's seed, from what we plant in the soil of our culture, from the care with which we cultivate our statewide garden.

"There will be, in time, such poems to hold the immensities of California in a brief compass," wrote Genevieve Taggard in *Continent's End*, the anthology of California poetry published by this Club in 1925; and then continued, in a blaze of rhetoric, "If we hang our meditations in her trees, and our impulses from her precipices, and stir her dust with the whirlwinds of our desire, some swarthy Keats or electric Shelley will come, in a hundred years or so, and find the land alive."

*This* is the prospect before us.



## THE BOOK CLUB LIBRARY

AFTER many years of discussions and at least two actual attempts to reorganize the Club's library, your Committee has at last proposed a workable collecting concept that we firmly believe will make the library a greater asset and one more useful to scholars.

The present collection, as you know, has been built from the gifts of interested members. Their generosity has produced for us a rich endowment. However, the lack of any guiding plan or purpose has caused the collection to grow in a number of directions. Moreover, growth has been so rapid that the Club has had to choose between moving to larger quarters to accommodate a "monster" or reappraising the collection to establish specific goals.

Your Board has unanimously approved a plan developed by your Committee which not only would reduce the present holdings considerably, but would retain all the important "key" books and virtually all reference works. This "editing" of the collection would allow for future growth along a well defined pattern.

For want of a title, the collection has been called *A Collection of Publishing*. This, of course, is a working title and not necessarily the permanent name by which the library will be known.

The collection would include all the historical books that have influenced modern book publishing, from examples of the first decade of printing from movable types (fortunately, the Club owns some incunables) through the various mechanical developments and aesthetic ideals of the private press movement that eventually produced the book as we know it today. Some of these important "sign posts" in the development of publishing were: the first published book to be issued in a cloth binding, the first book set in type by mechanical means, the first book printed on a rotary press, the first use of lithography in book illustrations, the first use of

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it for a complete book, the first use of Braille, the first use of photo-composition—to name but a few of the obvious high points. The collection, will, of course, include notable examples from all of the fine presses and prime examples from our own Pacific Coast printers. Fortunately, these last two categories are well represented in the present holdings. By gleaning and adding, your Committee hopes to improve this part of the library.

Sometime in the fall of 1963, the Club plans to hold a series of member-participation auctions to liquidate the books that no longer fit this new collecting concept. Assets from these auctions will be used by your Committee to purchase items that do belong. Catalogues for each auction will be sent to members well in advance so that all will have equal opportunity to participate either in person or by mail bid.

ALBERT SPERISEN  
*Chairman, Library Committee*



# Quarterly News-Letter

## Edith M. Coulter

IT IS WITH DEEP REGRET that we report the death on January 27th of Edith M. Coulter. Miss Coulter, who was Professor of Librarianship emeritus at the University of California, had been a member of the Club for over twenty-five years. She served on the Board of Directors between 1948 and 1957 and was Chairman of the Publications Committee from 1949 to 1955. She contributed introductions to several of the Club's books and was co-editor of the 1946 Keepsake series, *A Camera in the Gold Rush*. Her activity and service in the Club's behalf will be long remembered and sorely missed.

## Notes on Publications

THE FALL 1962 book, Thomas Starr King's *A Vacation Among the Sierras*, sold out soon after publication, and therefore orders for second copies could not be filled. The Christmas book, *Ukiyo-e* (the third in the series of Japanese print books produced by the Grabhorn Press), could be issued only in a limited edition of 400 copies. As we had anticipated—and warned members in the announcement—the book sold out immediately, and we regret that many members who sent their orders in late were unable to receive a copy. Naturally, no orders for second copies were filled. In view of this situation, the Publications Committee would like to remind members that the best way to make sure you will not miss an unusually desirable book is to put in a standing order for all Club publications. You may, of course, cancel your order for any particular book if the announcement leads you to believe that it will not appeal to you.

The Spring publication, *The Book of Geoffrey Chaucer*, written by Professor Charles Muscatine and to be printed by Lawton Kennedy, promises to be an especially desirable volume. The subject is the history of the publication of Chaucer's works over a period of more than five hundred years. To illustrate that history each copy will have tipped in an *original leaf* from one of the great sixteenth-century folios of Chaucer's works, and will reprint more than twenty facsimiles of pages from other significant editions, plus a reproduction in full color of a page of the great Ellesmere manuscript. Publication is tentatively scheduled for April, the price will be around \$18.00, and the edition will be limited to 425 copies. To avoid disappointment, members without standing

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orders who wish a copy are urged to return their order blanks *as soon as possible* after receiving the announcement for the book.

THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

## *Annual Meeting*

THE ANNUAL MEETING of The Book Club of California will be held at the Club Rooms, 545 Sutter Street, San Francisco, on Tuesday, March 19, at 11:30 a.m.

DOROTHY WHITNAH, *Secretary*

## *New Sustaining Members*

THE FOLLOWING members have changed their status from Regular to Sustaining, or have entered the Club as Sustaining Members. The two classifications of membership above Regular Memberships are Patron Memberships, \$100.00 a year, and Sustaining Memberships, \$25.00 a year.

JOHN GIFFORD CHANALIS	San Francisco
CLARENCE HELLER	Atherton
J. S. HOLLIDAY	Lafayette
MRS. L. HOUGHTELING MICHAEL	San Francisco
ROBERT B. RADNITZ	Malibu
MARION COOK TILTON	San Francisco

## *Elected to Membership*

AT THE JANUARY MEETING, the Board voted to add twenty-five names from the waiting list to the current membership, thereby setting the total number of members at 875. The following list of new members elected during the last few months includes this addition.

<i>Member</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
Mrs. Joseph Brewer	New York	J. S. Holliday
Edwin H. Burgess	Baltimore, Maryland	Judge Sherrill Halbert
John Chanalis	San Francisco	David Magee
Donald Clark	Santa Cruz	James D. Hart
Mrs. Stuart Coffing	Sacramento	Dr. Edmund Simpson
Vera B. Davis	Newport Beach	Dorothy Whitnah
Joseph B. Durra	Sausalito	Peter Sloss



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Richard J. Elkus	Woodside	Mrs. Merritt Cutten
John A. Flick	San Francisco	David Magee
Mrs. Joseph Goldman	San Francisco	Lawrence Livingston
James C. Greene	Los Angeles	Warren Howell
Andrew Hoyem	San Francisco	Kerwin Whitnah
Trudie Hunt	Covina	Dorothy Whitnah
Robert B. Johnston	Salinas	Dorothy Whitnah
Mrs. Thomas Maguire	San Francisco	Mervyn Eidenmuller
Mrs. L. Houghteling Michael	San Francisco	Warren Howell
Howard S. Mott	Sheffield, Mass.	David Magee
George Waters	San Francisco	Robert Grabhorn
Mrs. Herman Zischke	Woodside	Paul B. Kelly
University of Arizona	Tucson, Arizona	Warren Howell
U.C.—San Diego	La Jolla	James D. Hart
University of Florida	Gainesville, Florida	James D. Hart
Northwestern University	Evanston, Illinois	Warren Howell
Michigan State University	East Lansing, Michigan	James D. Hart
University of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Michigan	James D. Hart
University of Rochester	Rochester, New York	James D. Hart
The British Museum	London, England	James D. Hart

### *Serendipity*

IN THE ADVERTISEMENT for Col. Fred B. Rogers' new book *William Brown Ide, Bear Flagger*, on p. 22 of the Winter 1962 issue of the *Quarterly*, the price is erroneously given as \$15.00. The actual price of this book is \$12.50 (plus 4% sales tax in California).



THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA plays host to the Rounce & Coffin Club's 1963 Western Books Exhibition from February 18th to March 8th.



AS EVIDENCED by the ever increasing output of private presses at Christmas time, printing for pleasure has become an important avenue of escape for many

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Americans—an escape from the banalities of modern living—plus providing the satisfaction of creating. The pieces received by the Club during the recent holiday season are too numerous to describe in detail, but the following give a sample of these privately produced pamphlets and broadsides: *Christmas Verses, or An English Postman's Holiday, 1839* (Ruth and James D. Hart of The Hart Press, Berkeley, California); *The Art of Home-Brewing* (Robert E. Wheaton of The Press of the Good Mountain, Rochester, New York); *Advice to the Would-Be Private Pressman* (Wm. P. Barlow, Jr., of The Nova Press, Piedmont, California); *A Christmas Prayer* (T. W. McDonald, for proofreaders, and friends of Black Mack, the Handpress); *Noel! Noel!* (Glen and Jean Adams, Fairfield, Washington); a Walt Whitman verse (The Auerhahn Press, San Francisco); “*I Hear the Hogs in My Kitchen,*” *A Woman's View of the Gold Rush* (printed for Frederick W. Beinecke at the Printing-Office of Yale University Press); an Albrecht Durer woodcut (from Kim Taylor of the University of Texas); a Nativity scene from an illuminated Book of Hours (Charlotte and Norm Strouse of The Silverado Press, New York City); *The Far Looker* by Mari Sandoz (James F. Carr of the Buffalo-Head Press, New York City); *Bartolomeus Zanni, Printer at Venice 1486-1518 . . .*, a monograph by Duncan H. Olmsted, with a leaf printed by Zanni (printed by Roger Levenson at his Tamalpais Press, Berkeley, California); a woodcut from *Navicula Sanctae Ursulae*, ca. 1497 (Margot and H. Richard Archer of The Hippogryph Press, Williamstown, Massachusetts); and Keats’ “Ode to a Nightingale” (Lawton Kennedy, San Francisco).



AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER, President Bransten announced that the Board of Directors had unanimously voted to confer honorary life membership in the Club upon Robert and Jane Grabhorn—thereby adding two more members of the distinguished Grabhorn Press to our honorary file.



A FURTHER INDICATION of the popularity of the private press is given by the third edition of *The Check-Log of Private Press Names*, edited by Elizabeth Koller Lieberman, and published by The Herity Press, 2020 Beverly Road, White Plains, New York. This ever lengthening list, containing over 1600 names at the moment, was compiled to prevent duplication of press names. The new edition



## Quarterly News-Letter

includes J. Ben Lieberman's system for classifying private presses. Copies may be ordered from the Liebermans for \$1.00 postpaid. (Copies of the earlier editions are available also, at \$1.00 for the second edition and .50 for the first.)



OF SPECIAL INTEREST to collectors of northern Californiana is *Wild Oats in Eden, Sonoma County in the 19th Century*, by Harvey J. Hansen and Jeanne Thurlow Miller. The part of the text on the Sonoma Indians is by David Wayne Peri, and the foreword is by Gaye LeBaron. The book is copiously illustrated, including photographs by Ansel Adams, John LeBaron and Beth Winter. It was published by Hansen and Miller, 610 Beaver Street, Santa Rosa, California, and was expertly designed by Lawton Kennedy, San Francisco. (\$7.50, plus 4% sales tax in California.)



JACK WERNER STAUFFACHER, formerly of the Greenwood Press in San Francisco, and now Director of the New Laboratory Press at Carnegie Institute of Technology, reports that Porter Garnett's work was the subject of an exhibit held there during January and February. Mr. Stauffacher notes, "We have named the Gallery after him—a kind of belated tribute to this grand old man." (Garnett founded the original Laboratory Press at the Institute in 1923.)

Among the recent productions of the New Laboratory Press is a handsome broadside printed in honor of the Book Club's 50th Anniversary, in a type recently designed by Hermann Zapf for the Hunt Botanical Library of Carnegie Institute.



THE SHORT NOVEL *The Beast in the Jungle*, by Henry James, has just been completed by Lewis and Dorothy Allen at The Allen Press, Kentfield, California. This edition, limited to 130 copies, is another in their series of sumptuous folios produced entirely by hand. The type face is Romanée, hand-set, and the paper is all-rag Arches printed damp on their Acorn handpress. There is a preface by Clifton Fadiman, who believes this to be the best of James' shorter fictions; and there are sixteen two-color wood-engravings by the noted English artist Blair Hughes-Stanton. An unusual feature of the design is the seven different colors

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used for the preliminary matter and the six chapters: since this is psychological fiction, the Allens have selected colors to reflect the emotional theme of the seven sections. There are 106 pages 15 x 10 inches. The price is \$38.50.



AN UNUSUALLY FINE combination of text, typography and craftsmanship came to the Club's library as *Two Diaries*. These journals of Calvin Perry Clark (twenty-three years old) and his sister Helen E. Clark record their adventures in (separate) trips, in 1859 and 1861, from Plano, Illinois, across the plains to the Colorado gold fields. The manuscripts, in the Denver Public Library, have been given handsome and sympathetic typographic treatment by Thelma and John R. Evans, M.D., at their private press: "the little press of Este Es, now situate at Este Es at the northern edge of the Black Forest near Hilltop near Parker, Colorado." The type was set by hand and the edition limited to 300 copies. (\$12.50.)



"PRINTING AND THE MIND OF MAN" is the provocative title for the special display to be held in connection with the eleventh International Printing Machinery and Allied Trades' Exhibition. This display will be shown July 16-27, 1963, at the British Museum and Earls Court, London, and is designed to illustrate the history of Western civilization and the means of literary multiplication since the fifteenth century. The body (and purpose) of the main exhibition is functional and technical: to assemble under one roof the latest machinery available for all the processes employed by the printing and allied trades. Also, the show will offer a survey of the history of printing through five hundred years as one of the prime applied arts of the Western world, thus demonstrating, by means of this dual display, the printing industry's debt to its historic past and the debt of civilization to typography. The exhibit will include a Gutenberg Bible; Christopher Columbus' dispatch announcing the discovery of America; works by Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin and Karl Marx; Einstein's announcement of the theory of relativity; the only known copy of the original edition of Baden Powell's *Scouting for Boys*; and many other cardinal documents which have changed the course of history or profoundly influenced men's thoughts. Our members who are contemplating a journey to England this summer will plan, no doubt, an itinerary that will include "Printing and the Mind of Man."



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